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POETRY.

THE PARTING SUMMER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou'rt bearing hence the roses,
Glad Summer; fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell!

But in the golden sunset
Of the last lingering day,
Oh! tell me o'er this checkered earth
How hast thou passed away?

Brightly, sweet summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by
To the joyous birds of the woodland
boughs;
The rangers of the sky!

And brightly in the forests
To the wild deer bounding free;
And brightly midst the garden flowers
To the happy murmuring bee.

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears;
And thoughts that make them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their hopes & leaves,
And the blue, rejoicing streams.

To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound;
In sweet, delicious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;

To the sailor in the billows
In longing, wild and vain
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again.

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footsteps nought have kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the Dead—
In shadow from a troubled heart,
O'er a sunny pathway, shed;

In brief and sudden strivings
To flight away aside;
'Midst these, thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died!

But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again thy buoyancy,
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer land than this
May our next meeting be!

WHO'S THE LADY.

All was bustle and confusion among the fashionable of a quiet little town in one of the western tier of counties of our State, on the day preceding the evening for a select Ball. The ladies became great pedestrians, and were on foot for hours together, whilst husbands and fathers were at home waiting in awful suspense for their return with the shop-keeper's bill. The shop-keepers were more polite than usual, "nasmuch as gauze, lace and ribbons were the only articles in demand, and were bought without the irritating quere, 'can't you take less?' and not a milliner could complain at night of a want of custom, and a full purse. Evening advanced and the bustle increased. Beaux just from the bawbox might be seen with a glove in one hand and courage in the other, tapping at the door of the wealthy, and tipping and bowing as if made of vibratory material, with as much cash in their pockets as brains in their noddles, and more brass in their faces than either.

One of these mushroom gentry who had the faculty of talking nonsense, had captivated the charming, beautiful, and wealthy Capt. Jacobus Bacon, third daughter of the invincible volunteer company of heroes vulgarly called "bare foot," who with remarkable valor during the late war effected a bloodless (not a mudless) retreat through a swamp two miles wide with the enemy in expectation at their heels. At the appointed hour and according to promise, this spring of the beau monde alluded to pulled a bell at the door of the redoubtable Captain, which was answered by their female servant, who among the rest was preparing for the ball, and in her "best bib and tucker," made a polite bow and

invited the young coxcomb in. Twilight deceived his already defective vision, (defective, for it is sometimes said that love, like wine, make men see double, especially if they run against a lamp post) and he mistook the servant for his beautiful. Doffing his hat and describing with his body all the figures of Euclid, such as circles, squares, and triangles, he at last complied his bow a la mode and lisped the fact that he had the onus of being in readiness to ethereal her to the Assembly Room.

"I am engaged sir," exclaimed the kitchen belle.

"Engaged," exclaimed the youth, chopfallen, "Miss Bacon engaged?"

"Oh! it's Miss Bacon you wish to see, then replied the girl.

"Why, yeth—am I mistaken—laugh—the devil!—bowing and talking to the servant girl! Where's your mistress?"

"Walk into the parlor, sir," answered the insulted girl, "I will call her."

Reader, wouldst thou know who this servant girl might be of whom we have been chatting? Well, listen and I'll tell thee. Didst ever hear of William K— once a very wealthy shipping merchant of New York, who through multiplied losses was exiled from the dominions of wealth, and consequently fashion, and for many years dwelt obscurely in a country village with the only remnant of a once large family, a charming daughter. This was the very child. At the age of ten she became an orphan, but not friendless. The gentlemanly character of her father even in poverty, had won the esteem of all, and this last survivor of his accumulated misfortunes found a home and a friend with a wealthy country gentleman. She grew up to womanhood beautiful and accomplished, and beloved by all the family as a sister and a child. But death claimed her adopted mother as his, and her prospects changed. The woman who supplied her place a few months afterwards was her antipode, and Amanda K— stepped forth into the wide world dependent upon physical strength alone for subsistence. But the good wishes of her adopted family went with her and a situation in the family of Capt. Bacon was secured to her, at which place the reader will recollect he or she found her. But I will resume my story.

At an early hour the ball room was filled with a truly brilliant assemblage. There were red cheeks in profusion, some painted by nature and others by art. Bright eyes in abundance, some sparkling with intelligence, others with joyous excitement, and among the rougher sex many with wine. Mirth and hilarity bore regal sway, until a discovery was made—a discovery considered by that Assembly of equal importance to Herschel's Lunar observations. The dance was suspended notwithstanding Sambo still sawed his catgut, and a whisper ran through the crowd. The purse-proud vinegar-faced Mrs. Z— had the honor of making the discovery—a discovery in which was involved the reputation of all present. It was nothing less than the lamentable fact that Amanda K—, the servant girl of Capt. Bacon had imperceptibly intruded herself into the company of her betters and actually danced two cotillions with them before the degraded truth was known.

"Did you ever see such impertinence?" says one.

"What a brazen thing!" said another, "Why see how she's dressed!" said a third.

"Such a character!" whispered a fourth. "They say—but never mind now."

"A pot-sweater in our company—the wench!" chimed in Mrs. Z— with that elegance of expression which characterized her, and turning up her nose, advised the ladies to leave the room and no longer be insulted with her presence. This advice was assented to by the intelligent company, and the poor, but infinitely superior girl was left alone—abashed, confused, and almost overcome with emotion. He who invited her thither was the son of her adopted father, who united with intelligence a graceful and gentlemanly deportment and the command of extensive possessions in one of the most fertile portions of our State. He was absent when the revolution in the ball room took place, but returned just as it was evacuated by the ladies. Astonished at the change, and perceiving Amanda standing with face suffused with blushes, he hastily inquired the cause. A friend drew him aside and communicated the facts as I have penned them.—The young man was enraged and with an emphasis adequate to his just excitement he exclaimed, "What's that purse-proud fool—that ignorant parrot of fashion worth, who scorns virtue because it is coupled with poverty?"

"Ten thousand dollars," answered his friend.

"Ten thousand dollars! eh. Well, Amanda is worth that sum and the haughty fool in the bargain. Ten thousand dollars? and that forsooth, balanced against virtuous respectability. Here, Amanda, my girl," said he ta-

king her by the hand and bowing respectfully to the gentleman present, "let us leave this place. Where haughty pride, pampered and fed with the crumbs of wealth, exercises an influence superior to the dictates of good sense, virtue endangered."

So saying, they left the place and returned home. The very next morning after the ball Amanda K—, the poor, the slighted, the obscure girl, who was denied the boon of mixing in society because she wore the russet mantle of poverty, received from the hands of the indignant young man, an instrument of writing, securing to her possessions to the full and undivided amount of ten thousand dollars. This gift and the motives which prompted it, were soon made known to the haughty Mrs. Z— and envy, more ranking and painful than disdain, supplied the place of the latter. Nor was the cup of bitterness yet full. With all the solicitude of a mother, she had laid snares to entrap the young man in question as a husband for her own charming gray-eyed daughter, and fondly imagined that his urbanity was an evidence that she had caught him in her meshes. But alas! how soon do the most towering expectations fall from high stations. Ere two months had elapsed, the humble Amanda became the wife of the wealthy Edgar N—. Time rolled on in its silent course, bearing upon its tide sweet flowers and beaming sunshine, and every ingredient of happiness for the youthful pair, and those who turned their backs upon Capt. Bacon's servant girl, became the courtiers, the fawning cypophants of Mrs. N—, who in her new station, was no more amiable, no more worthy of esteem, no more beloved by the truly good. Twenty summers have since scattered their blossoms around her quiet mansion, and the slight touches of the frost of age are gathering upon the temples of her fond husband. Yet love pure and holy still warms the domestic circle wherein the altar of true benevolence is reared. The good things of life is poured into her ears in abundance, when she distributes with a prodigal hand their blessings among the children of cheerless poverty, and it may be truly said, "that her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

What an instructive moral may be gleaned from incidents of this kind—incidents which occur almost daily in the great mass of society. The simple tale I have told is not the filagree work of fancy, wrought up from the tinsel material of fiction, based upon fact. Are often are such facts exhibited to our view, to the great discredit of intellectual worth!—Virtue, beauty, intelligence, moral worth, the highest attributes of intelligence creation are often forced to bow before the gilded shrine of Mammon, whose altars are often built up amid the mouldering ruins of Genius, and whose sacrificial rites consist in the utter prostrations and destruction of all that is great and noble in nature, all that is bright and lovely in humanity.

A Wealthy Lover.—The late Baron de Rothschild left two daughters. Each have a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, dependent on the consent of their brother, Baron Lionel de Rothschild, to their marriage. One of them, I believe, is married to Moflore, late sheriff of London, a Hebrew gentleman of great wealth and respectability. The Rothschilds move in the very first circles in London, and thus Miss Rothschild became acquainted with young Fitzroy. He was formerly in the army. When her father was alive, a young Austrian nobleman, private secretary to Prince Esterhazy, made proposals of marriage to her, but her father declared she should marry none but one of the Jewish faith. When Miss Rothschild determined to marry Mr. Fitzroy, she went to see the archbishop of Canterbury, and told him that she wished to become a Christian. His grace inquired into particulars, and then very properly told her that he did not consider a love affair sufficient reason for her abandoning her religion. She is said to have assured him that it had long been her intention to become a Christian, and that her family were well aware of it. On this, the archbishop said that, if it appeared her sincere desire to become a Christian, from conviction, he had no alternative but to accept and baptize her. He communicated with her family, and it appears that she had informed them of her intention. The marriage was private, and unattended by any of her family. Her brother has the power of withholding the fortune left to her by her father, but it is not expected that he will do more than have it so settled upon herself and her children as to prevent the chance of her husband squandering it. It is expected, also, that her family will shortly receive her. Should she become a British peeress, as it is likely in the course of time, she will be the first Jewess who has ever been in the like situation.

The Hermit, A Fable.—A pious hermit, who lived in the solitude of the forest, far from the noise of men, was once wandering through the woods in search of a few wild fruits and berries to make up his frugal meal. He heard a moaning in the grass, and looking down saw a fox, both of whose forelegs were broken, writhing like a snake on the ground, and apparently starving. The good hermit was about to seek some food for the helpless creature, when an eagle appeared, soaring high overhead, and suddenly let a fowl fall from his talons directly at the feet of the fox. The starving animal seizes greedily on the precious prize, and soon made a hearty meal of it. "Ah," exclaimed the pious enthusiast, "this is the finger of God. Why did I distrust his providential care, and wander over hill and dale to seek for my daily food? He who brought food to the mouth of this helpless animal, will surely never forget his servant. Henceforth, I will take no more thought for my body's sustenance, but trust to his goodness, and devote all my time to meditation." True to his resolution, he returned to his cell, and neither plucked the fruits that hung on the trees around him, nor went down to the brook to quench his thirst. Three whole days he lived thus, and was wasting away to a shadow, in the vain hope of a direct interference of heaven. On the evening of the third day, just as he sunk into slumber, thunder rolled through the cave, he saw a form of angelic beauty, and heard a sweet though solemn voice that spoke thus—"Mortal, how feeble is thy undertaking! Couldst thou thus misinterpret the lesson contained in the eagle's conduct? Thou art not lame and helpless as was the fox, but art strong & active, like the eagle that gave him food. Hark thou wert to imitate, in going about and doing good to others; for know that idleness, even if accompanied by constant prayer, is odious in the sight of the Almighty."

FEMALE SOCIETY.

We have often remarked in our intercourse with society, the unaccountable reserve and coldness of the young men of the present day, when in company with ladies. Their politeness is distant, their conversation stiff, and for the most part in monosyllables, and they are evidently under a degree of painful restraint, strangely inconsistent with our ideas of gentlemanly deportment.

Whence is the cause of this? Is a query which we have put to ourselves, and to which we have found difficulty in finding an answer.

There is none of that ease and elegance of manners in the young men of the present age, which distinguished the "gentlemen of the old school" and the reason is simply this: they are too selfish in their pleasures, too fond of associating among themselves, and neglecting the cultivation of that character of female society, the influence of which is so beneficial in forming the habits and manners of a young man. There is no mistake in this; it is because young men, rather than accustom themselves to the delightful associations to which we have alluded, night after night spent their hours in the pursuit of idle pleasure, that they find themselves when thrown into the company of modest females unable to address with that ease and courtesy characteristic of the gentleman. We have been in company on some occasions where we have met some fifteen or twenty young ladies and gentlemen, and rarely have we encountered more reserved and formal assemblages. We have heard a young lady express her admiration of a very fine looking youth, and wonder why he did not open his lips during the whole evening—and have also heard a young man complain "how cursedly awkward all parties were" and express their surprise that the ladies should be so shy and reserved, and if forsooth, they expected the first advances to be made by the gentle sex. If young men would sometimes spare an evening from the billiard room, or theatre, to accompany their sisters in an occasional visit to their friends and appropriate a few of his idle hours to an intercourse with female society, this reserve and awkwardness would soon wear away. The festive meetings of young people would be what we have heard the old folks say, "they were in the 'days of lang syne,'" joyous, social, and agreeable, and better still, we might hear of more "love matches," and fewer marriages of convenience—and in the course of time; society would not be annoyed by so many rusty old bachelors, while young men would be less fearful of encountering a certain class of prim and formal damsels of uncertain age. (N. Y. Star.)

The best excuse yet.—The editor of the Donaldville, in the way of excuse, made the following apology for his editorial matter by saying, "I have several good and interesting articles to publish, but I have been so busy with my girls coaxed them all out of me, and I have not had time to do so."

Yankee.—We have seen a Yankee in "magnificent" and they are all objects. Yankee is a well known object, and brave, and always a country getic. Ind. An. There is a certain class of prim and formal damsels of uncertain age. (N. Y. Star.)

OLD MODES OF DESTROYING TYRANTS.—Algernon Sidney, in warning Charles the First of his dangerous course of conduct, said "the people of England know it, and that patient they have been, the more will they be when they re-

be so no longer. Those who are so foolish as to put them upon such courses do to their cost find that there is a difference between lions and asses, and he is a fool who knows not that swords were given to men that none might be slaves but such as know not how they use them."

Thus far for those eminent; but we will produce a little more evidence, which, if it does not prove that we moderns, in England, have the right to resist oppression and tyranny, yet will serve to show what the ancients thought upon the subject, and how they acted to put an end to tyranny. This evidence we have in a work that was published in 1802, and was afterwards translated into the French language that same year, by M. Bouvet, who was employed by the English Government on that translation, for the purpose of circulating the work in France, hoping that some Hero, some real Patriot might be induced from reading it, to free that country from the rule of Napoleon!!! They are the following:

Cicero tells us that "the Greeks attributed the honors of Gods to those who killed tyrants—they were consecrated to immortality and almost deified!" Solon's law decreed "death to a tyrant who oppressed the State, and to all those who held any office under the Government while the tyranny existed."

Plato informs us that the Greeks, "if they could not expel a tyrant by accusing him to the citizens, would despatch him by secret means."

Xenophon tells us that the Greeks would not let murderers enter their temples; but, nevertheless, they would in those very temples erect statues in honor of those who killed tyrants, thinking them worthy of being ranked among their Gods."

In Rome the Nalerian law decreed that if any man took magistracy upon himself, without the command of the people, it was lawful for any one to kill him."

Plutarch says that it "was lawful, before any judgement passed, to kill any one who but aspired to tyranny."

By the consular law it was lawful to kill any man that went about to create "magistrates, without reference and appeal to the people."

Polybius says: "Those who conspire against tyrants are not the worst and meanest of citizens, but the most generous and those of the greatest virtue."

Cicero speaking of the assassination of Julius CESOR, exclaims: "What act more glorious, more worthy of eternal memory hath been done in the world!"

Seneca says, "a tyrant could receive no injustice but to be allowed to live, and that the most lawful way to destroy him is the readiest, whether by force or fraud; for against beasts of prey, men must use the toil and the net, as well as the spear and the lance."

Tertullian says, "All remedy, therefore, against a tyrant is blood and dagger, without which all laws were fruitless and we helpless. This is the most high court of justice whither Moses brought the Egyptian; whither Ehud brought Eglon; whither Sampson brought the Philistines; whither Samuel brought Agag; whither Jehoids brought Athaliah; whither Jael brought Sisera; whither Jehu brought the she tyrant-bel, who had caused Naboth murdered on a false charge of adultery. Devotion and action no devil, for a tyrant is a devil, and that which is to be cast out by prayer."

It was that great N. Pharis agreed upon a people to have a reference and the defense.—Rev. Joseph Ry-

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mechanic professions are mental and beneath the station of a true gentleman. The truth is, they are the only professions that have substance and reality and practical utility. All else seems, on reflection, to be mere speculation—ideally—dreaming—leather and prunella." The greatest men in the annals of the world—the men that have done most to enlighten it, and advance the prosperity and the liberties of the human race, have been mechanics. It is the directness of mind—the plain good sense their pursuits inculcate, which has led to those immortal discoveries that have enriched and ameliorated the condition of the whole human race. Name but an Arkwright, a Fulton, a Watt, a Franklin, a Whitney, &c., and where among the closet men, academicians, the doctrinaires, do you find their equal. True, Newton, Laplace, Gay, Lussac, Davy, &c., have discovered great principles, but nothing that compares with the comprehensive usefulness that has come from the inventions of mechanic minds. Let the sickly rears of pampered nobility, turn up their noses at mechanics as they do at merchants. It is to the working men only that the "rod of empire" has been given; and the revolution on the globe from mechanic inventions of steam and the press, which are hourly advancing with a pace that excites astonishment, prove incontrovertibly that the progress of mind, of human liberty and civilization, and of mechanic labor are indissolubly wedded. (J. A. NOAH.)

Despise not the meanest of mankind; a wasp may sting a giant.

Seek not to discover the faults of a friend—for, rest assured, if he has any, they will show themselves as soon as you wish to see them.

Posthumous fame is the most enduring; thus Spanish flies bite sharper after death.

A man in Philadelphia recently paid \$500 for a hog, which, after his tail was cut off, he retained at two a cis. a cui.

A Joking preacher, hearing the cry of an infant in his congregation, commanded that the child should be removed; observing at the same time, that a crying child in a meeting house was like the tooth-sache—there was no cure having it out.

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